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THE HEATHEN YIELDS TO CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

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travel stained, mud splattered, gray with dust and shabby looking, can be made to look as good as new with a little

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TAKEN FROM LIFE



VERSES

NEW YORK  
DOUBLEDAY & McCURE CO.  
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FOR the benefit of the readers of LIFE, and other people, about one hundred of the daintiest and most clever of the poems printed in these pages have been issued in a small volume of attractive appearance. The New York Sun says: "The verses, which are by some of the most skillful of our writers of *vers de société*, have that combination of neatness, delicate irony and playful humor characteristic of the brightest little paper of its kind."

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WHAT SENTENCE OF TENNYSON'S DOES THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATE ?

## "Pegasus" Contest No. 4.

We have selected a sentence from one among six of Tennyson's poems. The titles of the Poems are as follows:

1. Locksley Hall.
2. The Sisters.
3. Enoch Arden.
4. The Princess.
5. Maud.
6. Aylmer's Field.

In the picture herewith this sentence is illustrated in a way which, it is believed, would be acceptable to Tennyson himself.

LIFE will give two hundred dollars to the person who guesses this sentence, unless there be others whose guesses are correct, in which case the two hundred dollars will be divided among all the winners. This sum will be sent to the winner or winners within one week after the correct result is announced in LIFE.

### CONDITIONS.

Fill out the coupon and return to "Pegasus," care of LIFE, 19 and 21 West 31st Street, New York. Care should be taken to have the name and address legible.

All duplicates, and all coupons not properly filled out, and which do not contain the exact words selected to illustrate the picture, will not be considered.

There is no restriction with regard to the number of guesses made by each contestant, the only condition being that a coupon, properly filled out, shall be returned for each guess.

The picture, in each instance, must accompany the coupon.

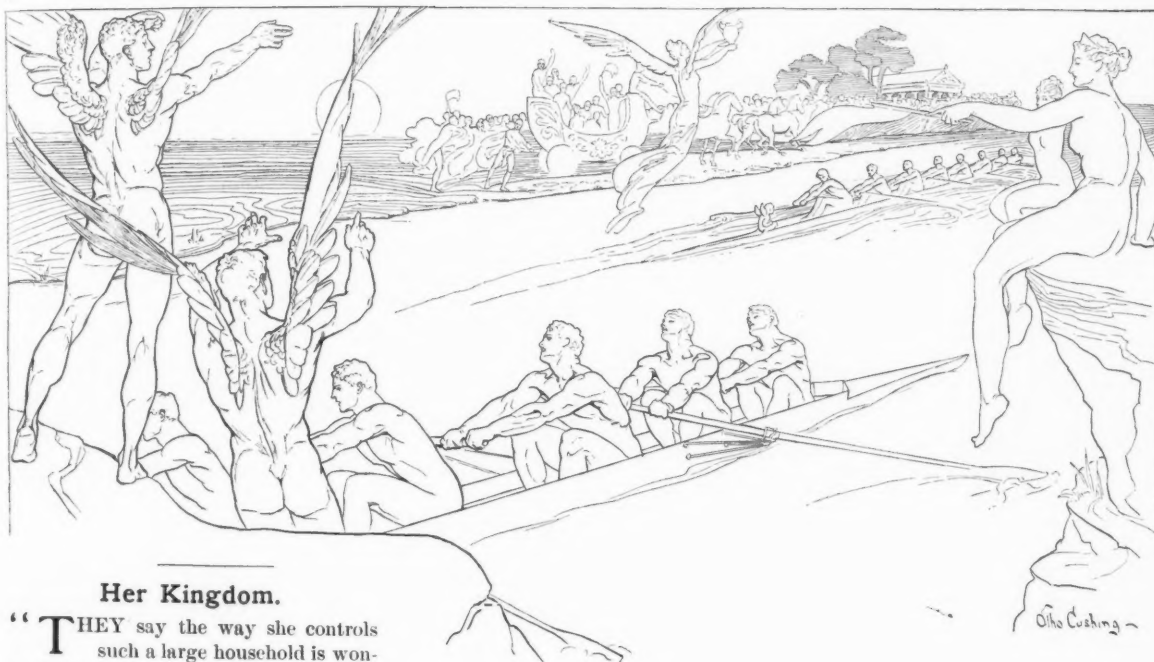
This contest will close on Saturday, May 7th. No coupons received after noon of that day will be considered.

The announcement of the winner will be published in the issue of LIFE dated May 19th.



Title of Poem.....  
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# ·LIFE·



## Her Kingdom.

"THEY say the way she controls such a large household is wonderful."

"How many are there in it?"

"Four children, five servants and a husband."

OLYMPUS UP TO DATE.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA.

## Modern Conversations.

"I THOUGHT the bride looked well, didn't you?"

"Fairly well. But lavender is never so good as white, to my mind."

"I don't know but you are right. How much do you suppose it cost?"

"Her maid of honor told me privately it was over two hundred dollars."

"Um! It didn't look it. Who were those people on the right?"

"You mean those awful lookers?"

"Yes."

"Some of her relatives, I believe. One always has that cross to bear."

"That's so. I'm glad I didn't have to meet them. How many were there?"

"I should say two hundred at the reception, shouldn't you? Of course a lot were only asked to the church."

"Well, they didn't miss much."

"No. Still, the refreshments were fairly good."

"So so. I was dreadfully hungry."

"So was I. Did you see the presents?"

"Oh, yes. Skimpy, I thought. Did you notice that plated ware?"

"Yes. They had it covered over with a rug, but I unearthed it."

"Relatives, I suppose."

"Oh, yes. What did you give her?"

"An etching. I got it awfully cheap. They were selling off."

"I gave her a book. I forget the name, but the illustrations were lovely. Books are so cheap now."

"Aren't they?"

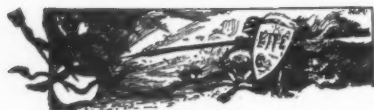


## Preferably the Whole Thing.

"I'LL wed some meek, submissive man, For reasons good, though few— I'd rather be the whole of one Than the better half of two."

It is a serious question at Yale whether intercollegiate debating is a sport of sufficient consequence to warrant the representative debater in every class to demand admittance to the awful fold of Skull and Bones. As yet, no debater has broken into that fold, but the question is earnestly discussed whether exclusion can be maintained without affecting the standing of the society as the haven of the justly prominent. The debaters can read their title clear enough, but the Bones Rhadamanthi are stubborn, and seem to have barred their front door and rigged steel hatches over their skylights.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

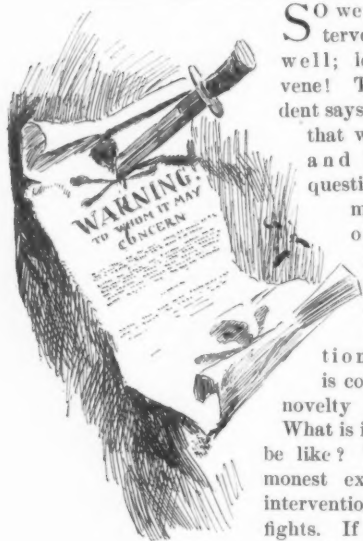
VOL. XXXI. APRIL 21, 1898. No. 802.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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SO we are to intervene! Very well; let's intervene! The President says it is right that we should, and beyond question a large majority of us are ready to accept his opinion. Intervention! There is considerable novelty about it. What is it going to be like? The commonest example of intervention is in dog fights. If the dogs are little enough you

can grab them close behind the ears, yank them apart and hold them at arm's length. But not if either one of them is a bulldog. In that case they require snuff, and also an exceedingly firm grip. Once a man's big dog got into a fight with another big dog. The man had low spirits and had been thinking very hard, and the disturbance stirred him to sudden irritation. He jumped for those dogs, and grabbed them with such a fury of action and exhortation that they had come apart and were running different ways before either of them fully realized what had happened. The man who did it never got a scratch, but a man who saw it done nearly fainted from the shock.

The ideal way to intervene is with a lariat and windlass. Lasso your parties, and then haul them off. That hurts no one. That is undoubtedly the way the President, and most others of us, would

like to intervene between Spain and Cuba. In this case the lariat is represented by diplomacy. Even now, if diplomacy can separate Spain from Cuba we shall rejoice to see it done. We do not want to hurt Spain. We do not want Cuba for ourselves. All we want is peace in Cuba, under a government that gives fair promise of being permanently satisfactory. For wanting that we have good, honest, creditable and sufficient reasons, which the President has set forth in his message. They are reasons that will not down, and cannot justly or safely be neglected.



BUT the *Maine*! Is not the destruction of the *Maine* a just cause for war, and a reason for killing as many Spaniards as we can? No! Not yet. It helps to strengthen the argument for intervention, because it has helped to demonstrate the powerlessness of the Spanish Government to protect life and property in Cuba. Spain has disavowed and lamented that act, and offers to stand trial as to her responsibility for it. Some persons ought to be hanged for the *Maine* disaster, but it is not in itself a reason for war, provided we can get full reparation without war.

Nevertheless, the destruction of the *Maine* is very much in the thoughts of our people, and if intervention comes to mean war it will count with terrific emphasis, and help to give our intervention the vigor requisite to make it swift and effectual.



IT will be a nasty job to fight Spain. She is poor and foolish. She has navy enough to be very troublesome. Her people are brave, and will probably fight hard. We would like better to let her alone. Let us remember for our consolation that her real enemies are not us, but the arrogance, blindness, ignorance and rapacity of her own people, and especially of those whom, after repeated warnings, she has continued to send to fatten on the loot of Cuba. So far as her relations with Cuba go, she has known no scruple, shown no sense, and deserves no sympathy. She has foregone nothing that she could extort,

cured nothing that she could neglect, let go of nothing that she could hold. It is not our fault that it has come to be our business to choke her off. It is hers. It is she who has injured us by maintaining an intolerable nuisance under our noses, not we who injure her because we undertake to abate it. What a tragedy her history is! What an illustration of the inexorable grinding of the mills of the gods!



WHAT is to be the issue of all this stir, and of whatever results from it, to this country? The immediate game doesn't seem to be worth so much candle. If war comes, we will burn a lot of nice powder which we have just bought and would rather keep in stock; and we will lose a lot of good men, and have our nice, new ships all banged about, and will spend a lot of money for which we shall be taxed. As a mere material investment, probably it won't pay. If there is finally a gain commensurate with the expenditure, it will be a moral gain. The great mass of the people are not in this dispute for revenge, or for fun, or because of Cuban bonds, or from anything but conscientious motives. We have seen a duty, recognized it, undertaken it. It would do us harm to turn our backs on it; it will do us good to execute it, whatever the sacrifice. There will be lessons for us as well as for Spain, and the powder we burn now, if we have to burn any, will save us powder in the end.



MEANWHILE, if you meditate any action, not connected with war or peace, which courts publicity, postpone it if possible. If you have any purpose in view that needs privacy, now is your chance. This is no time for anything to happen that does not concern "intervention." It is a bad time for famous men to die. Mr. Gladstone's condition would be of surpassing interest in ordinary times. If Andree was to be found, the news would hardly gain a place on the front page of the newspapers for more than half a day. Put off dying; put off going to Europe; put off summer plans even, for a week or two, till we see where we are coming out. Something has got to happen, and happen soon.

# When Friendship Ceases.



"IT makes them mad, eh?" said Van Cupper.

It was twilight hour in the half-deserted club-room, and the two sat in the window enjoying a quiet smoke.

"That hardly conveys the idea," said Brownstone, with a retrospective smile. "They go crazy. Take some fellow with an opinion that he has been born and brought up on, and quietly make a statement diametrically opposed to his belief. It's great fun."

"It must be," assented Van Cupper. "I suppose a man's politics is his touchiest spot."

"Precisely," said Brownstone. "For instance, you know how some people hate Grover Cleveland. To mention his name is like waving a red rag in

front of a bull. Well, I met a fellow the other day—a hide-bound, dyed-in-the-wool Republican. Knowing in advance his feelings, I led the conversation around to Grover, and then made my quiet little remark."

"What was the remark?" asked Van Cupper.

"Oh," replied Brownstone, "I said, in a gentle, confident manner, as though it were no matter for dispute, that we had had only three great Presidents—Washington, Lincoln and Cleveland. He acted as if he wanted to tear me to pieces."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Van Cupper. "It's hard to conceive of such prejudice. He evidently had no sense of humor, or he would have seen how absurd such a statement was."

"Not necessarily absurd," retorted Brownstone. "Of course, I only said it to egg the old fellow on. At the same time—"

"You don't mean to say that you cherish the remotest illusion that Grover Cleveland was a great President?"



Mazeppa: THIS IS TIRESOME, BUT NOW'S MY CHANCE FOR—

"That's what I mean!"

"He was nothing but a big bluff."

"You don't know what you are talking about. say he was the greatest since Lincoln. He will go down into history—"

"And I say he wasn't. It ought to be an indictable offense to make such an assertion. What did he do?"

"Everything. He had backbone."

"Bah! A big, overgrown, bull-necked—"

"I'll throw you out of the window!"

"You ought never to have been admitted!"

"You —! —!"

"You —!! —!!!"

"Jim," said the house steward, ten minutes later, "ring for an ambulance."

## War Uncertain; Spring Sure.



WAR or no war, the spring hats are pretty and deserve consideration. The aesthetic sense is fed by them, especially when they top off an edifying wearer. Let us take all the pleasure we can in them. War is uncertain. It may come; it may not. A big naval battle would be prodigiously interesting, but we are not sure of having one, not sure how it would turn out, not sure we would like it however it went. But spring is surely coming. It is the bird in the hand, and it behooves us to cherish all its developments, the hats, the flowers, the stirring qualities of the air, the sound of coach-horns and the flight of coaches on Fifth Avenue in the morning, the new green things in the parks and in the country.

**J**EALOUSY is the suspicion of one's own inferiority.



"WELL, DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME?"

"NO, SIR; BUT I HAVE TO."



A CHANGE.



## A Handful of Spring Books.

ONE can imagine what fun Field himself would have had in his column of Sharps and Flats with a book like "Eugene Field in His Home" (E. P. Dutton). The intimate revelation made of his home, his friends and his babies, is apt to make one shudder. The best tribute to the man himself is that he does not wilt in this glaring sunlight. There is never a doubt that he won his friends completely. It takes a big friendship and a small sense of humor to write: "The memory of Eugene Field will be green when the Pyramids have crumbled beneath the touch of time, and empires are forgotten." And another friend says, in the Introduction, "One of the greatest among American writers was Eugene Field;" and another, "It was, after all, his great-heartedness that won for him the love of the world."

The fine thing about Field was that he never took himself heroically. He had a very just idea of what he could do, and he went ahead, day after day, filling his column

with the thing nearest at hand. He knew that nine-tenths of it was good journalism, and that it made him very popular with newspaper men everywhere, and with thousands of their readers. He also had a very keen sense that the other tenth was worth putting into books, and he chose the selections with great shrewdness. The durability of the Pyramids or the love of the world did not bother him one bit. He was after pleasing a large everyday audience, and he did it well, and had a very pleasant time while he was about it.

He was a lover of fine old literature, and he knew when he himself struck successfully the literary note. Moreover, he knew the exact niche where it belonged. Some of his friends have not shown equal discernment.

\* \* \*

MORGAN ROBERTSON'S Sea Stories, collected under the title of "Spun-Yarn" (Harper), are strikingly original in plot and realistic in character, but of uneven merit. They show familiarity with the sea, but strangeness with the pen. He has abundance of material, and plenty of fancy, but the tools of the trade still raise blisters on his hands. He knows

how to sail a boat, but has trouble in steering a paragraph.

He pays tribute to the inspiration of Kipling in his Introduction, and Mr. Kipling would no doubt read with pleasure a story like "Survival of the Fittest." It will make him feel kindly toward his modest disciple. The vicious, ignorant tramp who was a born mechanic, and brought a wrecked lake barge to shore alone, in a great storm, by sheer force of ingenuity—is a character to appeal to Kipling.

The opening story is a sort of Rip Van Winkle of the seas, entitled "The Slumber of a Soul." The device of a rap on the head that blots out memory, and its restoration after many years, is an old one, but the application of it to this sea tale is ingenious and absorbing.

\* \* \*

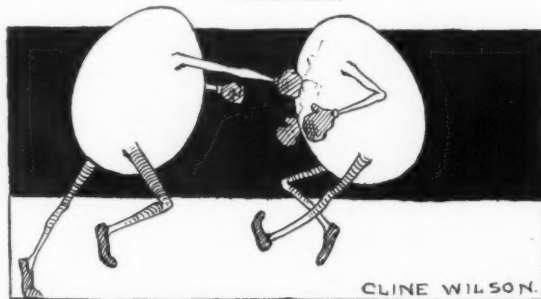
THE author of "Jerry" has

published a short novel of Tennessee mountain life with a new situation in it. "The Durket Sperret" (Holt) doesn't contain a single moonshiner, and the dialect is not complex. Miss Elliott brings her mountain heroine in contact with the refined people of a University town, and the resulting turmoil of soul furnishes the situation. The great gathering of the Durkets at a funeral is the best episode in the book.

Recent volumes of clever short stories are Annie Eliot Trumbull's "A Christmas Accident" (A. S. Barnes), and "An American Mother, and Other Stories" (Van Vechten & Ellis), by the late Mary Lanman Underwood, who showed unusual talent for effective dialogue. Droch.

M. R. W. GILDER, of the *Century*, has bought a farm and will build a summer residence thereon in Tyringham, one of those idyllic little Berkshire towns, fifteen miles from everywhere.—*Daily Paper*.

That is right, but it is not for Gilder the editor that this farm has been bought, but for Gilder the poet. It is a Sabine farm, such as every poet ought to own, but which is likely to accrue to such poets only as edit magazines, and such things, in their leisure moments. Every poet ought to be duplex and have an editor inextricably mixed up with him, to provide him with Sabine farms and meals, and to market his poetical wares. A poet is like an army. He crawls on his stomach. The highest usefulness of an editor is to carry poets. When the editor is simultaneously a poet and carries himself, that is the ideal combination. Many of our best poets—Bryant, Lowell, Aldrich, and divers others—have been editors in their spare time. It is Mr. Gilder's duty as a provident editor to set aside betimes a section of his farm as a Memorial Park. Poets never have any foresight about such things, but an editor should look ahead and try to save future trouble.



"AN EGG PUNCH."



"It should be our mission to create an atmosphere of the purely intellectual."

## A Devotee to the Higher Culture.

HE was waiting for her when she returned from her club.

He watched her coming down the street with three other fair devotees, and, unseen, he smiled down on them as they stood on the broad pavement, chatting in their eager, girlish voices, eyes shining with excitement and cheeks glowing.

It must have been an unusually interesting meeting. Twice, at least, she essayed to leave them and was drawn back, and the busy hum continued. Then, finally, with a wave of her hand, she ran lightly up the steps, and he could hear her voice in the hall below.

It was some moments before she entered, and then the fire had died from her eyes, though her color still remained.

She gave him her hand somewhat coldly.

"No! you mustn't," she expostulated, and drew back hastily as he bent to kiss her. "Well, only this once, anyway."

"Like Rip Van Winkle," he laughed. "But what is it, dear? Have I offended you? Are—"

"No," she interrupted him, seating herself at a safe distance and toying with a book. "I—that is, we girls," confusedly.

"Aha!" he smiled, and his brows relaxed. "I see; you maidens of the Higher Culture are going to rise superior to the amenities of life. As the

boys would say, you are going to 'swear off.'"

"Yes," she replied, her dimples returning; "you don't put it nicely, but I'm glad you understand. You see, Madame gave us a very fine talk today about keeping ourselves superior to these—these familiarities," hesitatingly.

"Kissing, for instance," he suggested.

"Yes," consciously, "and everything of that kind. She says that we ought to be so interested in other things, higher things—the culture of the inmost; striving after the perfection of the intellectual and spiritual—that we shall have no thought of these things."

Her eyes had a far-away expression.

"It should be our mission," she continued, gravely referring to her tiny



chatelain tablets, "to create an atmosphere of the purely intellectual, the metaphysical; to subdue the natural, and relegate it to the lower planes of existence."

"Would you relegate us men to those same lower planes?" he asked, dubiously.

"Certainly not!" she replied, emphatically. "A man's mind, with its force and creative power, is a necessary adjunct to the completeness of the whole. Men and women should meet on a wholly metaphysical plane, and should admire each other for qualities of mind, and that subtle something yet undetermined which we call sphere."

"Would you believe in marriage?" meekly.

"Oh, yes!" brightly. "Though, of course, when this order of things has become established there will be fewer marriages, for what we now call love can so seldom bear the clear inspection of our higher culture that the custom may gradually die away. Yet those marriages that will then be made will be ideal, the union of mind and mind, a union that makes completeness, and leaves no void."

A suppressed exclamation on his part, dignified silence on hers.

"If I conclude rightly," he said, with utmost gravity, "we are to live simply in the intellectual. That being the case, I'm not to kiss you, or"—a warning glance from her—"or tell you that you're pretty, or anything of the kind, because that would drag you back to the natural. Is that correct?" a searching glance.

"Yes — only, of course, you're to be nice to me."

"All right," cheerfully. "It's an excellent plan, no doubt, when you're used to



"Aren't you going to kiss me good-by?"



# Announcement Extraordinary.



THE chances are that a war with Spain this summer would make life on the seacoast extremely dangerous. We have, therefore, fitted up a large and commodious hotel at Inland Beach, New Jersey, and invite the attention of the public to some of its advantages named below.

## INLAND SEA BEACH HOUSE.

This up-to-date seaside resort has a unique claim upon the seaside-going public, as it is twenty miles inland, and entirely out of range of the most far-reaching guns, so that Inland Sea Beach House has all the usual disadvantages of life at the seaside, with absolutely no danger from warships.

Our beach is the real thing. Broken beer bottles, clamshells, eggshells, seaweed and

it," and he plunged into an animated exposition on telepathy. "We've had a very nice afternoon," he said, as he arose to go.

His hand was on the door, and she was close beside him.

"Good-night," he said, and closed the door gently, then paused for an instant. There was a rustle of skirts and a soft odor of violets.

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-by?" she demanded.

*Harriet Caryl Cox.*



debris, gathered at enormous expense by members of the life-saving corps and scattered from one end of the beach to the other, make it equal to any beach on the Atlantic Coast. Our hotel is shaded by real beech trees.

Surf bathing at high tide! We have connected Inland Beach with the ocean by means of canals, and we can recommend our surf bathing to connoisseurs.

Inland Beach is the only one that ever happened. Do not be deceived by imitations. Safe, cool and comfortable.

All the windows in the hotel are made of powerful magnifying-glass, so that a close view of the ocean and possible sea fights are obtainable. Real sand fleas in abundance. Salt air disseminated throughout the hotel and grounds by means of electric fans. Malt extracts and beer every day but Sunday. Hops every Saturday night.

Our sea serpent telescopes are free to guests, and warranted to bring the reptile within view. Process patented.

BEACH COMBER & SANDY McMONEY, Props.

*Charles Battell Loomis.*

MISS SUMMIT: You are very fond of animals, aren't you?

MISS PALISADE: Yes, I wear them a great deal.

## Unanswerable.

HER FATHER: Where do you find your authority for saying that the Bible advocates early marriages?

HER BEAU: Didn't Eve marry on the day she was born?

## Good Luck to the Major.

WAS ever an amiable man who disliked to offend anyone placed in so unwelcome a situation as our President? He is one of the kindest men in the world. He wants to stand well with all good people, and he deserves to. He wants peace, and yet he wants justice to prevail. He wants to get us out of our present complications without bloodshed, starvation, or any more misery than is absolutely indispensable. For weeks he has perched between the devil and the deep sea, and has held his ground. Good luck to him, whatever the issue. He could not have done what he has done if the country had not felt unquestioning confidence in the uprightness of his motives and very great confidence also in his intelligence. Whatever comes, here's hoping the President may stay on top. He has done his utmost to serve the country.

## Ballads of the Spanish War.

"I WAS with Hearst," the young man said,  
"All through the Spanish war;"  
Whereat the farmer straightway cried:  
"Young feller, say no more!"

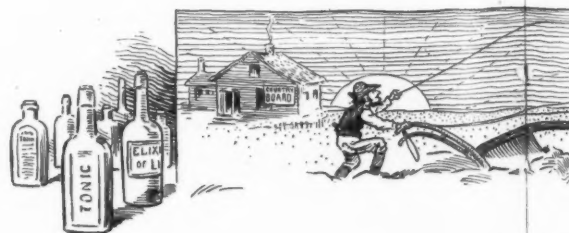
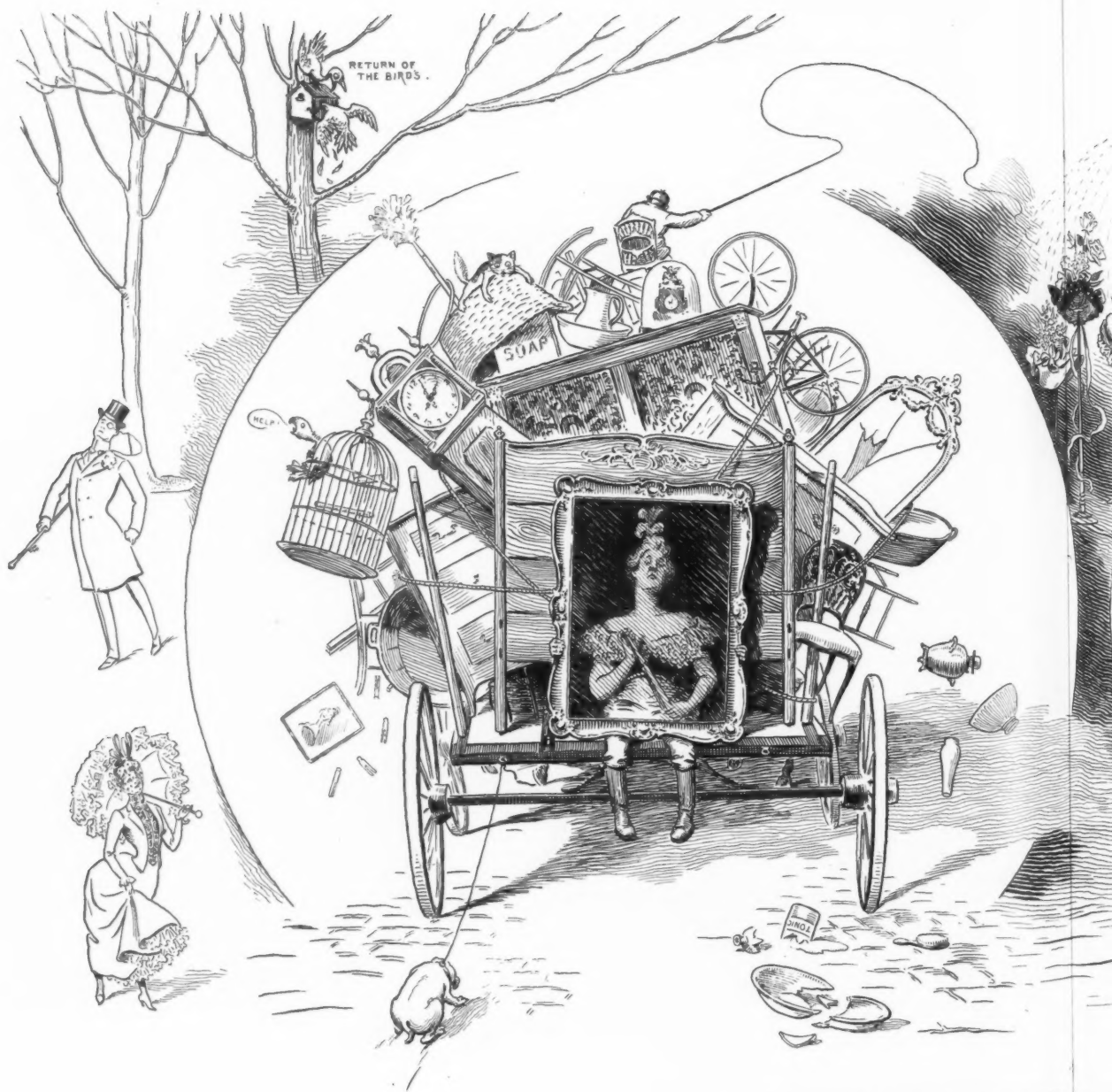
And took him by his little neck  
And jammed him in a pail,  
And yanked him out into the barn  
And spanked him with a flail.

Then tossed him in the water-butt,  
And soured him in the pond;  
And covered him with liquid tar,  
And feathers dark and blonde.

And then he rode him on a rail,  
Despite his shriek and roar—  
"That's how we treat the guards of Hearst,  
Who fought the Spanish war!"

"And if you'll send your Gen'ral up,  
With all his troopers grim,  
Why, tell him that we'll gladly try  
To do the same to him."

*Carlyle Smith.*







### Mrs. Fiske's New Creations.

NO one is likely to charge Mrs. Fiske with being an emotional actress. She has doubtless had personal emotions, which lead to artistic understanding, and she has the intellect to use artistically all that her emotions have taught her. But her work is not that of temperament. She is not carried off her feet by the things she is supposed to feel, even for the short duration of the stage scene. She undoubtedly has a temporary ardor, which comes from the intensity of her work, but her effects are gained more by study and personality than by the emotion she feels or communicates to her audience. She works on her hearers by conviction, not by magnetism.

To put it more briefly, Mrs. Fiske is not what is commonly known as a born actress. She has little of the persuasive power which Bernhardt and Duse use in carrying their audiences into ecstasies. Their mediums would be of little use to her. Their greatest successes lie in portraying women who are the victims of somewhat hysterical emotion. The lighter emotions, common to all women of coquettish nature, like those of the *Beatrice* of Terry or the *Sans Gêne* of Réjane, she would probably depict well. Her greatest possible accomplishments are in the field of intellectual characters. This means unusual types, which require intellectuality on the part of the artist to make real. *Tess* has been acknowledged everywhere on this continent to be a possible creature. Mrs. Fiske's *Tess* was not Mr. Hardy's *Tess*, but Mrs. Fiske made a real creature of Mr. Hardy's fanciful creation.

"A Bit of Old Chelsea" is a one-act piece which, in the hands of a less clever woman than Mrs. Fiske, would be commonplace. Granting to her the charm of her pathetic personality, which adapts itself admirably to the part of the street waif picked up by the compassionate sculptor, she uses it with perfect discretion, and thereby makes the sketch a work of art.

"Love Finds the Way" is more ambitious and involves a social problem, namely, the right, the absolute right, of every human being to happiness. Our own Declaration of Independence asserted this, and if it were not for Armenians, Cuban reconcentrados, and people of that sort, we might think the right had been sufficiently as-

serted. This play carries the question further than that of the mere right to food and drink, or the privilege to come and go, and maintains that every woman has a right to be loved. The victim is a rather crabbed cripple, who, in the early stages of the play, seems never to have learned that love begets love—sometimes—and, at any rate, has never tried the experiment. To gain sympathy for this character is a difficult task. In making the play for the American stage, Miss Marguerite Merrington has tried to lighten the work of the heroine by contrasts supposedly humorous. The German author may have made his servants amusing, and thus have furnished contrasts. Miss Merrington's servants are simply tiresome and delay the serious action, which will interest even the average American audience.

Mrs. Fiske is the lame girl. She should have been consistently disagreeable throughout if this was to be a problem play; but it isn't a problem play at all, because the problem was long ago solved. She makes the cripple so attractive underneath her apparent crabbedness that there is no question that the clever man in the piece would discover her real charms, and at once grant her right to happiness by loving and marrying her. Problems like this have been solved ever since the world began; the rights to happiness of such women as Mrs. Fiske makes the lame girl have never been denied. The play has the advantage, in these days of syndicate rapine, that it calls for a little thought on the part of the spectators. There is a reaction against the pieces where all the audience has to do is to look and hear, and Mrs. Fiske is fortunate to be in the vanguard of the reaction.

Mrs. Fiske's principal fault of method—strange as it may seem in these days of faulty elocution—is a too strong reliance on the trick of distinct enunciation. She should remember that matinee girl who said that she liked "Ac-tors be-cause they ar-tic-u-late so dis-tinct-ly." Her next fault is so frequently to double the repetition of the author's words that the elocutionary trick becomes transparent. These are only details, but they are prominent blemishes in the work of an actress who is bound to



"A DRAWING FOR LIFE."

do much for the intellectual elevation of the American stage.

NEW YORK theatres are not run for the convenience of the critics, but Easter Monday always brings a wealth of experiments which would try the powers of the mythical gentleman who was able to be in two or more places at once. Of those plays that survive, LIFE will give due notice. Metcalfe.

THE "Don't Worry" Club rigidly excludes creditors.

MR. CURRY, who was Minister to Spain during the first administration of President Cleveland, says:

The only chance I see for bringing Spain to reason is through the Pope. There is no country on the face of the earth and no monarchy so intensely loyal to Rome as Spain; her Catholicism is genuine, and differs radically from that of France, or even Italy. What the Pope says is tremendously potent.

After all, the Inquisition was successful in Spain. The trouble is that the rest of the world continued to move on





"CAN I SEE YOUR MISTRESS?"

*New Servant:* SHE ISN'T DRESSED YET, SIR, BUT I'LL ASK HER

## A Query.

H, some kind-hearted financier,  
Come, answer me, I pray!  
Why is it that when money's close  
'Tis farthest, then, away?



**T**OT (rapturously, looking  
at the new photograph  
of herself and two-year older sister):  
Oh, Jeannie! Don't you wish  
we was bofe twins, and bofe  
twins looked like me?

**S**ENSIBLE people are a nuisance; fortunately, they are rare.

**B**ETWEEN nations and women the most solid peace is only a truce.

**S**HOULD lightning strike the Club library, no lives would be lost.



"NOW THIS TIME I'VE GOT YEZ."



"IF I GO HOME FOR ME GUN HE'LL GET AWAY."

A  
Prevalent  
Impression.

**T**HE Princeton Biological Club has sent a strong protest against the anti-vivisection bill which has recently been introduced into the United States Senate. . . . The protest seeks to remove the prevalent but false impression in the minds of the public that scientific men are needlessly cruel.—*Book News.*

It is true that there is an impression of this kind, and an almost equally widespread opinion that unrestricted vivisection is debasing alike to those who witness and those who inflict it. Unfortunately, scientific men never meet either of these objections. They say a good deal about bird-trimmed hats, pigeon shoots, and the like, but "you're another," although a natural, is not a convincing argument. They also frequently refer to a few simple experiments, most of which allow the use of anesthetics, and claim that these are

what is meant by vivisection. Our acceptance of this view, however, is hindered by the recollection of sundry breakings and dislocatings of limbs, tracing out the course of nerves, removing the whole or parts of organs, twistings, wrenchings, burnings and mutilations described by these same scientists when they are not arguing against public interference. For most of us the only satisfactory testimony to the painlessness of these things would be that arising from personal experience. If the gentlemen who hold that they are painless will submit themselves to a carefully arranged series of class demonstrations in vivisection, they will at once convince us of their sincerity and be enabled to speak with authority on the subject. But until something of this kind is done, most of us will continue to think that the operations which, according to the scientists' own accounts, are freely performed in half of the medical colleges in the land, and even by individual students, are needlessly and horribly cruel, debasing the operator and torturing the helpless victims.

M. K. Conyngton.

"**M**ISS AUTUMN told me her age was twenty-four."  
"I always said that girl wasn't up to date."

## Unsolicited Correspondence.



**A**N injured and angry man has written to a Western periodical to complain of the incivility of authors. He

likes authors, he says, and takes a friendly interest in their work. Frequently he writes to them to express this interest, or to ask for information which they seem to him admirably fitted to impart. These letters, strange though it may appear, are sometimes left unanswered, and he cites three particular ingrates "who have been in an especial manner guilty of this rudeness." Two of the three are men. I blush when I remember the third.

Perhaps it has not occurred to this patron of literature that he is by no means the only person who writes such friendly letters. If he were, the chances are they would be received with grateful enthusiasm. But at the same time that he sits down to pen his expressions of regard, or to ask his intelligent questions, some hundreds of readers in every State of the Union are seized with the same impulse, and obey it with the same alacrity. They do not all write to one particular author, it is true, but the number of such communications gives to the most modest workers in the field their full share of attention. The young woman who has a paper to prepare for a literary club upon the "Humor of the Greeks," and would like you to send



Now, it is always pleasant to be praised, and almost always profitable to be censured; but if the toiling author answered every friendly missive, he would have scant time for his own legitimate labors. Moreover, the man or woman who has been driving a pen for hours, with a view to daily food and raiment, does not regard it as a pleasant recreation to hunt up literary authorities for people who are too inert to do it for themselves. Neither does the average author feel strongly moved to unfold his experiences to the correspondent who wishes to know—for the good of humanity, of course—whether he finds alcoholic stimulant a help in his literary work. There are limits to even an author's confidences.

But nothing is too private or too trivial

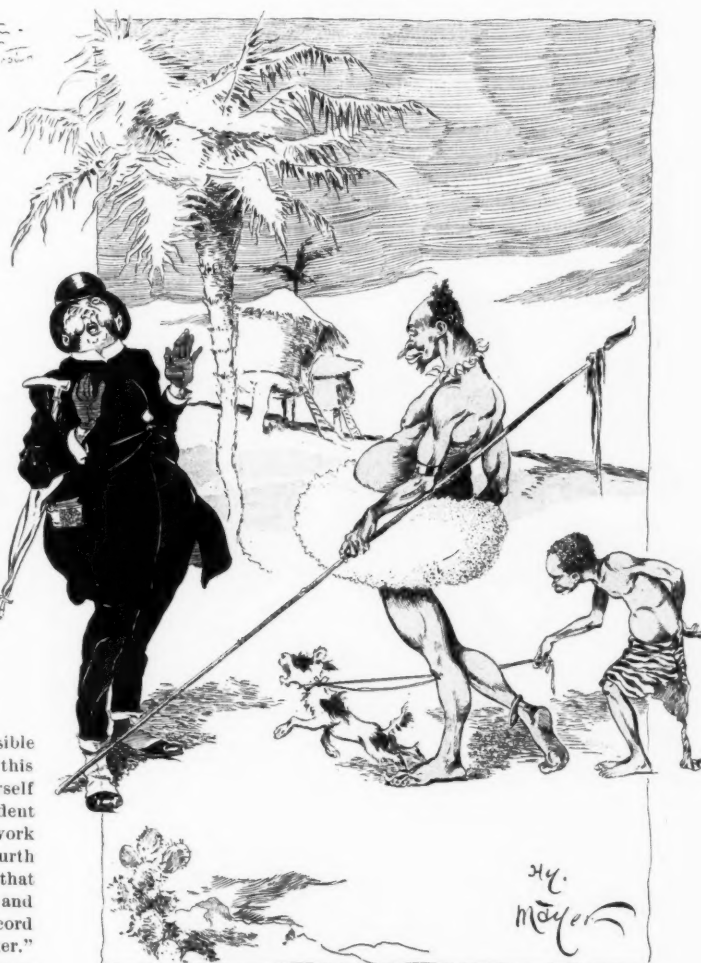
to be asked by the unsolicited correspondent, who is equally curious to know your age, your religion, your opinion of football and extension lectures, what books you read and what hours you work. "Please tell me of yourself," is the modest demand of an unknown but enterprising letter-writer; "of your life, your surroundings, your mode of work, your recreations, your beliefs concerning the march of civilization, any literary interpretation of your thoughts which may have escaped the public eye."

"Is there nothing more you would like to have, mine honest friend?" asks the author, with Sancho Panza. It seems a genuine pity to leave anything unasked, anything unanswered, in these days of gratuitous publicity. *Agnes Repplier.*

her your opinions on the subject, is followed immediately by a second young woman who has a paper to prepare on Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian," and would be pleased to know just what you think of that epoch-making book, which strikes her as "a grand moral protest," though she is not quite sure that it is "decorous in every part;" while a third young woman is called upon by a third club to discuss "Current Literature"—a large order—and seeks the benefit of your "wide reading" to help her with the task. None of these young women seem to consider they are asking a great deal, or that you can have any sweeter occupation than to provide their respective clubs with the literary nutriment they crave.

Then there are the people who, anxious to be helpful in their turn, write and offer you suggestions for future work. They have read with pleasure your essay on Froissart; won't you please write one on Mr. Anthony Hope? They are delighted with your remarks anent Charles Lamb, and trust you will soon give them an exhaustive treatise upon Ralph Waldo Emerson. Or perhaps they are not satisfied with your literary methods, and have no false delicacy in saying so. "I have never had a day's schooling in grammar in my life," says one robustly candid critic, "and consequently am no judge, but some of your sentences *don't sound right*."

A more courteous censor feels "the highest possible respect for your great talents," but regrets that in this particular instance you have "failed to inform yourself with your customary exactitude." A third correspondent implores you not to spoil his pleasure in your work by spelling humor without the second "u;" and a fourth is desolated because your books are so stiffly bound that when he lays one down "to think over the beauty and grace of your expressions," it closes up of its own accord in what he denominates "a disdainfully exclusive manner." As it chances, you don't bind your books yourself; you don't even spell them according to your own taste and fancy; but these are side issues never taken into account by private and personal critics.



THE CURSE OF THE DAY OF REST.

*New Missionary:* SO YOU KNOW NOT WHAT SUNDAY IS? PRAISES! PRAISES! AT LAST THERE ARE NO SUNDAY PAPERS!



ONE business man in Minneapolis has abandoned sporty hose. There was a time when a display of his socks upon the line on wash-day was warranted to draw a crowd. The rest of his garb was decorous enough, but when it came to hose he turned an effulgent fancy loose, and the result was fearful and wonderful. Friends said: "Where on earth does he get the atrocious things?" and his wife cajoled, ridiculed, threatened, and even wept in vain. On the matter of neckties he might give in, but when it came to hose he was adamant. Now, however, he is a reformed character, and this is the way it came about:

One day he received word that a syndicate was to meet in Cleveland which would affect his business interests vitally. His presence might swing things his way, but there was hardly time to make the trip. By close figuring on time tables he found that if he could make an exceedingly close connection in Chicago he could reach Cleveland in time for the meeting. He telephoned home for his grip and took the night train.

The train was due in Chicago at 7 o'clock in the morning. About 6.30 the Minneapolis man awakened and was beginning to dress when the porter stuck a scared face through the curtains.

"Foh de Lawd's sake, suh!" he said, rolling his eyes widely.

"What's the matter, John?" Mr. Smith inquired, nonchalantly fastening his suspenders.

"Deed, suh, I dunno how it happened."

"What happened?"

The porter backed away as if he expected Smith to hit out from the shoulder.

"I tuk yoh shoes, suh, to shine 'em, an' I went out on de platform, an' I done lost 'em off'n de cyah."

Smith sat up suddenly and cracked his head against the upper berth. That didn't make him feel better.

"Why, you bullet-headed idiot!" he shouted. "What do you suppose I'm going to do without shoes?"

The porter cringed in contrition.

"Why, suh, I'll go out'n procuah you some directly we arrive in de city."

"But I haven't got time to wait. I've got to make close connections."

The porter looked worried. Then he brightened up.

"Ef I cud make so bold as to offah dem, suh, you cud hove my shoes foh de time bein'."

He pulled off a shoe as he spoke, and Smith tried to put it on. It was too small by several sizes, and, as the full awkwardness of the situation dawned on him, he gave vent to remarks that were more forcible than elegant. He couldn't miss that meeting, though. It meant thousands of dollars to him. Of course, he could take a cab at the station in Chicago; but he would have to go out to the cab. He looked down at his hose. For the first time in his life he thought they looked too gay. He had been proud of those socks. They were turquoise blue, with red polka dots; and he remembered that, when he bought them, he hesitated because he thought they seemed subdued in tone. Now they shrieked loudly.

The train pulled into the station. The situation had to be faced. He looked at his watch—only twenty minutes to catch the Eastern train. He settled his hat firmly, seized his grip and umbrella, and stepped off the car. Then the commuters, pouring into the city, were treated to the sight of an immaculate and distinguished-looking gentleman of forty walking shoeless through the station and displaying a most gorgeous pair of socks to the gaze of the multitude. The multitude appreciated it, and showed their appreciation in facetious remarks. Smith broke into a cold perspiration and wondered whether a hundred thousand dollars was worth the agony; but he

reached the street and hid himself in a cab. During the ride he amused himself by thinking of the wrath to come when he should reach the other station. It occurred to him that he would send someone in to buy his ticket, and then would sprint for the train; but there wasn't a minute to lose. There wouldn't be time for anyone to bring the ticket back to him.

Once more he braced himself for the ordeal and emerged into public view. By the time he reached the ticket-office he had a crowd following him, and as he moved toward the wicket the excitement swelled to tremendous proportions. Public opinion was unanimous and openly expressed: The man was crazy! Someone ought to look after him!

The gate-keeper stopped him, and a burly policeman loomed up and showed an inclination to arrest him. Smith explained desperately, tying his sentences into knots and justifying the theory of insanity; but he prevailed upon the officials and fled down the platform to the parlor car, where he took refuge in the stateroom and made the air blue—deeply, darkly, beautifully blue—bluer than the obnoxious socks.

Then he took the porter into his confidence and found consolation. The porter had a friend in the station restaurant of a town through which the train would pass later in the day. A dispatch was sent to the friend, telling him to meet the train with a pair of men's shoes, number—, well, any sort, any price. The friend rose to the emergency, and was royally rewarded, and Smith arrived at the syndicate meeting in all the glory of new patent leathers.

Since then he wears sad-hued hose. Black is his standby, but, on rare occasions, he indulges in navy blue. History may never repeat itself, but if it does, he is ready.

—N. Y. SUN.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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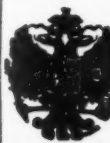
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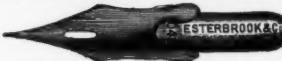
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A NARROW waist, a neck cut low,  
A heavy draping train wears she;  
Dressed to kill? Well, I don't know:  
Dressed to kill herself, maybe.

—New York Press.

A JUDGE, one night recently, awoke and found his room in the possession of two armed burglars. Covered by the pistol of one of the marauders, the judge watched the proceedings with his usual judicial calm. One of the depredators found a watch. "Don't take that," said the judge; "it has little value, and is a keepsake." "The motion is overruled," replied the burglar. "I appeal," rejoined the judge. The two burglars consulted, and the spokesman then replied: "The appeal is allowed. The case coming on before a full tribunal of the Supreme Court, that body is of the unanimous opinion that the decree of the lower court should be sustained, and it is accordingly so ordered." Pocketing the watch, court adjourned.—Household Words.

#### RECIPES SENT FREE.

The New York Condensed Milk Company, New York, send free, upon request, a pamphlet of recipes very valuable to housekeepers. They are the proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Best infant food.

ONE night, after the curtain was rung up at a certain English theatre where the "Standing Room Only" was not needed, a small boy was discovered sobbing in front of the box-office. The manager of the theatre went to the lad and kindly asked him what the trouble was.

"I want my money back!" sobbed the boy.

In surprise the manager asked his reason for such a request.

"Because—because I'm afraid to sit up in the gallery all alone!" he wailed.

His money was returned.—Argonaut.

#### NOTICE.

Subscribers to LIFE will please give old address as well as new when requesting change of same. Notice of change of address should reach us Thursday morning to affect the issue of the following week.

"His success in a financial way has been something marvelous."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. I've often heard him tell how, when he came here fifteen years ago, all he owed in the world was a dollar and a quarter, and last week he failed for a million."—Detroit Journal.

THE late Charles Pelham Villiers, the "father of the House of Commons," used to tell a story of how he had been asking a Radical elector to support him.

"Yes, I'll support you. But, Willars, we must have a division of property!"

"Certainly," replied the diplomatic candidate; "I should be quite in favor of such a measure. But I am afraid that if property is divided, there will not be enough for you and me and the rest of us."

After a moment's embarrassment the cheery and resourceful Socialist hit on a remedy.

"Why, then, Willars, we must divide again!"

—Argonaut.

#### ASHEVILLE AND HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

These two charming resorts, located in the mountains of Western North Carolina, are now being rapidly filled with winter tourists from the North. A more delightful place cannot be found to avoid the disagreeable March winds. They are easily reached from New York via Pennsylvania and Southern Railway by the Washington and Southwestern Limited, which leaves New York daily at 4.30 p. m., making the trip within twenty-two hours in through Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, N. Y.

HE: If I had been after mere money I would have married a much wealthier woman than you are.

SHE: You did when you married me.

—Detroit Free Press.

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## YOUR FACE TELLS THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE.

### It Reflects Your Character and Exposes Your Faults and Virtues.

Physiognomists say that the face is a sort of mirror, into which people can look and see the reflection of their inner natures. Then what is the meaning of that pug nose? It means to the physiognomist a pert and saucy nature, to the modern dermatologist simply a little too much cartilage at the end of the nose. A V-shaped piece can be cut out, the raw edges brought together with a stitch or two, causing little or no pain, as cocaine is sprayed on the parts before operating. And lo! the nose that indicated a lack of force of character has been transformed into a straight Grecian. The new nose indicates mildness and amiability of manner and disposition, taste and refinement, utterly bewildering the physiognomist. But your character has not been changed.

The shape and formation of the ear is said to indicate taste and talent, or a lack of it, a knowledge of music and harmony—the well-formed ear standing well out from the head indicating ability to produce and appreciate music. But who wants to indicate his taste in this manner? Nothing is more mortifying than a large ear projecting prominently from the head, and people whose ears are so formed are glad to patronize a skillful dermatologist and have them set back at a more becoming angle.

Does your face suit you? Faces are easily changed. You may learn all about it by sending for a little book on Dermatology and the treatment for the skin, scalp and complexion. Its 132 pages are filled with information valuable to everyone, besides illustrations on changing the features. It has special chapters on skin, scalp, nervous and blood diseases; moles, birthmarks, freckles, and the proper scientific care of the complexion. It is not an advertisement of a wash, lotion or bleach that will cure everything but seasickness and poverty; but it is the work of a dermatologist who has had twenty-six years' practical experience in treating the skin.

The secret of our success is to employ the best talent in the world, to advise our patients conscientiously, and thus establish a solid and lasting reputation, and to give a careful examination of each individual case. We use a wide range of medicine, internal and external; surgery and all the various forms of electricity. Consultation is free and fees are very reasonable.

Dermatologist John H. Woodbury also manufactures Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder and Dental Cream, and will mail a sample of each, sufficient for three weeks' use, for 20 cents, and include his 132-page book on Dermatology and treatment for the skin, scalp and complexion. The regular size of each sold everywhere at 25 cents. For ten of the outside wrappers of either one or assorted of the regular size of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder or Dental Cream we will send you a stick pin (suitable for lady or gentleman) or a lady's or gentleman's watch chain. For five of the outside wrappers of any one or assorted of Woodbury's preparations and date of birth, we will send you your birthstone, mounted, by return mail. Offices for the cure of skin and nervous diseases and the removal of Facial Blemishes: New York, 127 West 42d Street; Chicago, 163 State Street; Philadelphia, 1906 Walnut Street; Boston, 11 Winter Street. Address all letters to 127 West 42d Street, New York.



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"THERE," she said, as she finally got the check properly indorsed and handed it to the paying teller, 'I'd like to have the money, please.'"

The young man scanned it carefully and then looked at her.

"Is there anything wrong with it?" she inquired, apprehensively.

"No; I'm sure it's all right. Only we have our rules here, and before we can let you have the money you will have to be identified."

"But the friends I am visiting took a trip out into the country with my mother this morning."

"Then you will have to wait until to-morrow."

"But I need the money to do some shopping with this afternoon."

"I'm very sorry."

"Is it absolutely necessary to be identified?" she asked, plaintively.

"Absolutely."

"Well, I suppose I can manage it. Will the bank be open for an hour?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll hurry home and put on my evening gown. It's a great deal of trouble, but it's the only way, and I'm glad I thought of it."

"I don't quite understand."

"Why, I have a strawberry mark on my right shoulder, and everybody who has read anything at all knows that there isn't any better identification than a strawberry mark."—*Anaconda Standard.*

## Genuine Farina Cologne



is imitated so closely in bottles and labels that even dealers are sometimes deceived. The genuine bears the words, "gegenüber dem Julichs-Platz," the address of the great Farina distillery, "gegenüber dem Julichs-Platz" (opposite the Julichs Place).

Schaeffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

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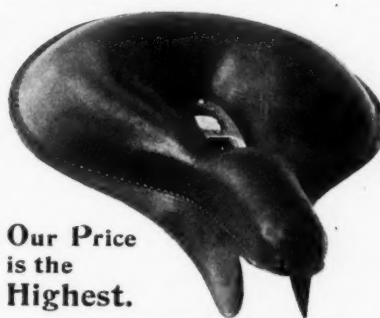
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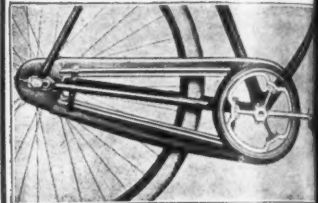
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